



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

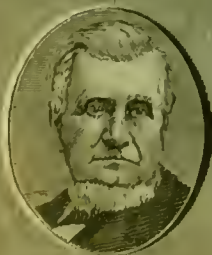
THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Winberg Josephine
110 W, 1st North St

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON.
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

CONTENTS:

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.—VI.....	<i>J. E. T.</i>	201
LITTLE WILLIE.....		204
NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE—An Evil Spirit.....	<i>James Bullock</i>	208
My Samoan Experience.....	<i>Ejay Wood</i>	209
Testimonies.....	<i>Wm. M. Palmer</i>	211
RAY ELIOT'S RIDE—A Story of the Flood.....	<i>J. S.</i>	214
THE SCOTTISH HEATHER-BELL.....	<i>J. C.</i>	217
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS—The Blessings Enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints—The Completion of the Salt Lake Temple.....		218
FRAGMENTS—Back in the Fifties—An Advancing Army—All Upon the Altar—Half an Hour's Preparation for a Mission—Lost at Night in the Loup.....	<i>G. Q. C.</i>	219
DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.....		224
PROPHECY FULFILLED.....	<i>Guillermo</i>	225
AN OLD LAWYER'S LESSON.....		226
OUR LITTLE FOLKS—		
YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES: Our Mountain Home—How Baby was Healed—Story about Wild Cats—Healed in Answer to Prayer—A Pet Bird—My Father's Escape—My Grandmothers's Cat—A Story of a Coyote—Our Farm.....		227-8-9-30
CRY OUT AND SHOUT (Anthem).....	<i>By H. H. Petersen</i>	231

BECKTOLD & CO.
PUBLISHERS
PRINTERS
AND
BOOKBINDERS
ESTABLISHED 1872
ST. LOUIS
MO.

CASE-
MAKING
LEATHER
TITLES
EMBOSSING

200-212 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MR. DURANT OF SALT LAKE

"THAT MORMON"

— IS Out!
BY
BEN E. RICH.

Price, Postpaid, - - \$1.25

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.

* * *

Outlines of Ecclesiastical History

— BY —
ELDER B. H. ROBERTS.

This book is just the one needed for general reading, and is specially adapted for use in Seventies' Quorums, as well as other organizations of the Priesthood and Sunday School Theological Classes. It is divided into four parts, and contains 468 pages.

- Part I: Establishment of the Church.
Part II: The Apostasy.
Part III: The Reformation.
Part IV: The Restoration of the Gospel.

BOUND IN FULL CLOTH.

PRICE, \$1.75 POSTPAID.

— SEND ORDERS TO —

GEORGE Q. CANNON & SONS COMPANY,

P. O. BOX 460. SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



What's the Matter Now?

❖ **BROWNING** ❖ **BRO'S** ❖
Lead them all in the **SPORTING GOODS BUSINESS** Wholesale & Retail

TWO IMMENSE STORES CHUCK FULL OF

Fire Arms, Ammunition, Pocket Cutlery, Fishing Tackle, Base Ball and Lawn Tennis Supplies
Tents, Hammocks, Bicycles and Sporting Goods of Every Description.

GENUINE THOMSON WATER PROOF BOOTS AND SHOES.

Agents for the New Davis Vertical Feed, High Arm Sewing Machine, THE LATEST AND BEST; Vost Type Writing
Machines, Sporting, Blasting and Giant Powder, Caps, Fuse, Etc., Etc.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF GUN REPAIRING.

Our prices are Rock Bottom. Send us your orders, we can save you money. Illustrated Catalogue mailed
Free on Application.

2461 Washington Avenue, Ogden, Utah.

155 Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

JOHN HENRY SMITH, PRESIDENT,
ABRAM H. CANNON, VICE-PRESIDENT.

W. N. WILLIAMS, SUPERINTENDENT,
O. H. PETTIT, SEC'Y AND TREAS.

Co-op. FURNITURE COMPANY

11-13 MAIN ST. - - - SALT LAKE CITY

We carry one of the largest stocks of FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC., in the city. Have made big reductions in prices on all our goods, and for the month of April will offer Special Bargains.

Space will not admit quoting prices on everything, but will here give prices on a few articles:

3 Piece Hardwood Bedroom Suit,	\$18.00
3 Piece Solid Oak Bedroom Suit,	25.00
6 Piece Upholstered Parlor Suit,	26.00
1 Upholstered Bed Lounge,	10.50
1 Hardwood Bedstead,	2.50

Cotton Carpet,	-	From 20c. per Yard
All Wool Filling, Extra Super Carpet,	55c.	"
All Wool, Extra Super Carpet,	65c.	"
Tapestry Brussels Carpet, from	40c.	"
Body Brussels Carpet, from	60c.	"

All kinds of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Window Blinds, Mattresses, Baby Carriages, Etc., Etc., at correspondingly low prices. CALL AND SEE US.

CALDER'S MUSIC PALACE

SALT LAKE CITY - UTAH

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE FOLLOWING WORLD-RENNED INSTRUMENTS:

*We hand'e none but
First-Class Goods,
and Defy Competition
—both in—
QUALITY and PRICE.*

SOLD ON
EASY
TERMS

Steinway & Sons
Kimball

PIANOS

Mason & Hamlin
Behr Brothers

Mason AND Hamlin

ORGANS

Kimball

*Special Inducements
Offered to
Sunday Schools and
Churches.*

*Send for . . .
Catalogues.*

GUITARS • MANDOLINS • BANJOS • VIOLINS

Z. C. M. I.

IT is well known that this famous Institution was originally organized for the Importation of General Merchandise; growing continuously, it is now the most reliable place in Utah for the purchaser of Dress and Dry Goods, Notions, Wraps and Garments; Boots, Shoes and Clothing; Carpets and Wall Paper; Groceries, Stationery, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Glass, Stoves, Ranges, Tools, Drugs, etc., whether the intent be to buy at WHOLESALE or RETAIL.

Main Street,
SALT LAKE CITY.

T. G. WEBBER,
Superintendent.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 1, 1893.

No. 7.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

VI.

THIRD BRANCH (*Cœlenterata*—HIDDEN IN-TESTINE) CONTINUED.

COMB-BEARING JELLY-FISHES, AND SEA-ANEMONES.

OUR space was exhausted in the last paper before we were able to say even a word about a very important class of jelly-fishes, which from their beauty and abundance have a claim on our attention. These are known as the *comb-bearers*, belonging to the class *Ctenophora* (pronounce ten-of-o-ra), which big word means comb-bearing. This name is given from the fact that the animals possess several comb-like paddles, which serve as aids to locomotion. Let us take as an example the beautiful *Pleurobrachia*, which occurs in great numbers about the New England coasts; indeed, at times these beautiful creatures swarm in the harbors and bays. The main body of the pleurobrachia consists of a globule of almost transparent jelly, in size about equal to a boy's marble, showing upon its surface an indescribable iridescence. Upon the exterior are eight combs or rows of cilia, corresponding to sections of the body. On opposite sides of the mouth opening is a pair of pockets, within which the tentacles are retracted when

the animal is at rest; but during activity the tentacles are extended to a length of several inches. These appendages are of the most delicate structure, and as the animal moves through the

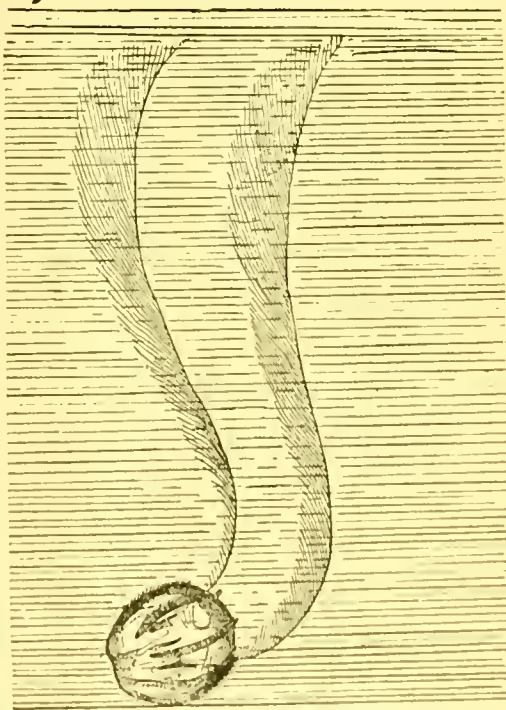


Fig. 1. A comb bearing jelly fish, *Pleurobrachia*; from the coast of Maryland.

water they are allowed to trail, or they may be twined and twisted into most fantastic forms.

Another strangely beautiful comb-

bearing jelly-fish is the *Venus's Girdle* (*Cestus veneris*), represented in figure 2. This animal is of common occurrence on the south-eastern coasts of the United States, and in the Mediterranean. In shape it departs from the general type, being of a long ribbon-like form, which has suggested its fanciful popular name. The edges of the body are fringed with comb-like attachments characteristic of the class, though in locomotion it is assisted more by the

The comb-bearers are certainly entitled to first rank among the jelly-fishes: indeed some authorities are inclined to place them in the scale of organization higher than the sea-anemones and the crabs, which we are yet to consider. The feature of bilateral symmetry—opposite parts of the body corresponding with each other,—which is so characteristic of the higher animals, is found among the comb-bearers for the first time in our study.

This class of animals furnishes the greatest variety of beautiful forms to be found in the order. Where they congregate, the water is often tinted like the rainbow.

SEA ANEMONES, CLASS *Actinozoa*, (RAYED OR STAR-LIKE ANIMALS.)

Our next class of the branch Cœlenterata, or animals with rudimentary intestine, includes the *Sea Anemones* (*Actinia*), which abound upon our sea-coasts.

As to general appearance, a sea ane-



Fig. 2. Another comb-bearer; Venus's girdle: *Cestus veneris*.

undulations of the body than by the action of the combs. Its movements are extremely graceful. The mouth is situated on the lower edge, near the middle of the girdle, and opens into a large stomach which forms a part of an alimentary canal extending the entire length of the body. The animal is transparent, and so fragile in structure that it cannot be easily removed from the water without injury.

mone may be described as a fleshy, hollow cylinder, terminating below in an expanded disc, by which the animal attaches itself to a fixed object, and bearing above another disc, from which spring many rows of radiating arms, regularly distributed about a central opening which corresponds to the mouth. In size the anemones vary from that of a marble to huge forms two feet in diameter. These animals have the

power of filling the body cavity and the hollow tentacles with sea water; by so doing they expand themselves in every part; they may also contract so that they look like so many knobs, of unattractive appearance. Figure 3 shows a common species of actinia in different stages of expansion. When fully opened the creature displays many beautiful colors; and as its general appearance is not unlike that of a flower with full blown petals, we cannot be surprised that the animals were for a long time classed as *zoophytes* (from the Greek *zoon* an animal, and *phyton* a plant), meaning "plant-animals," or "animal-plants." Another common name by which these creatures and the corals are known is *Polyps*, a term coming to us from the Greek through the Latin, meaning "many footed," and having reference to the



Fig. 3. Sea anemone or actinia (*Metridium marginatum*); B retracted; C partly expanded; A expanded.

numerous tentacles, once called feet, with which the animals are provided. Sea anemones may be found on most of our sea-coasts at low tide, usually attached to the surface of rocks and to the piles of bridges and piers. As the anemone is of typical structure, it will be well for us to examine its anatomy more fully, and this can be done by hardening a specimen in alcohol, and then cutting sections through the body. Figure 4 represents such a section to a

polyp, though not of the common sea anemone.

The mouth opening leads into a large stomach which appears to be suspended within the body, being supported by septa or partitions attached to the body wall. These partitions are called mesenteries, and they are six in number; but other smaller partitions, also arranged in sets of six, are distributed amongst the main septa: these secondary mesenteries are attached to the body wall, but do not extend inward to the stomach. Some of the secondary mesenteries bear upon their inner free edges a number of lasso cells; such cells are also found on the tentacles, and they enable the anemone to kill any small animal which may come in contact with its tentacles. Actual contact is necessary, however, to awaken the powers of the creature; it seems devoid of any senses to distinguish food with which it may be in proximity but not in contact. The stomach cavity is open below, connecting directly with the compartments formed by the internal septa; the tentacles are also hollow, and communicate with the main cavity; so that the animal appears as a bag of many parts, or as a room divided into small compartments by numerous screens. The food substance undergoing digestion is carried by the water throughout the entire body, and made to bathe freely the internal surface. The indigestible portions are ejected through the mouth. This vomiting process is a regular and an essential function of the anemone's life.

The appetite of the anemone, and its digestive capacity are subjects of wonder.* An observer is often at a loss to

* "The size of the prey is frequently in unseemly disproportion to the preyer, being often equal in bulk to itself. I had once brought to me a specimen of *Actinia crassicornis* that might have been originally two inches in diameter, which had somehow contrived to

understand how the creature can swallow objects much larger than itself. Its food consists mainly of small crustaceans and mollusks.

The modes of reproduction among the sea anemones are various. At times buds rise from the edge of the foot disc; such buds may develop into mature anemones before leaving the parental home. Eggs are also produced, the young hatched from these being free swimmers during their early stages. The eggs are lodged within the hollow tentacles, or in some of the many compartments of the main body, often-times remaining there until the young are hatched; these are then ejected through the mouth along with the indigestible parts of the food. Fredoe records having found thirty-eight young actinias among the food rejecta which an anemone in his aquarium had vomited. There are many genera* of sea

swallow a valve of *Pecten maximus* of the size of an ordinary saucer. The shell fixed within the stomach was so placed as to divide it completely into two halves, so that the body stretched tensely over, had become thin and flattened like a pancake. All communication between the interior portion of the stomach and the mouth was of course prevented; yet instead of emaciating and dying of atrophy, the animal had availed itself of what had undoubtedly been a very untoward accident, to increase its enjoyment and its chance of double fare. A new mouth, furnished with two rows of numerous tentacula, was opened up on what had been the base, and led to the under stomach; the individual had indeed become a sort of Siamese twin, but with greater intimacy and extent in its union."—*Johnston quoted by Figuier.*

* Referring to sea anemones, Holder says:—"One observed by Dr. Collingwood in the China Sea was two feet in diameter, giving shelter in its stomach to a little fish, that, when danger approached, rushed into its protector, whose tentacles closed up like a door. A fish,

anemones, some of them possessing very strange habits; figure 3 shows a kind very common about our coasts, and figure 5 represents a group of beautiful forms, most of them however from European seas.

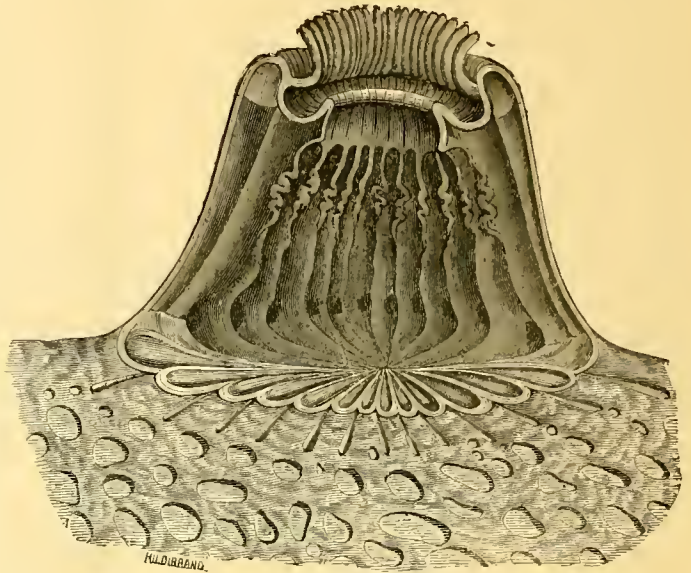


Fig. 4. Vertical section of a polyp, showing the body cavity divided by the septa which are attached to the body wall.

Fig. 5. (See next page). Group of sea Anemones.

1. The "thick petalled sea rose," (*Thelia crassicornis*) expanded. 1". The same closed. 2. *Sagartia parasitica*.
3. The "sea pink," (*Actinobola dianthus*). 4. The "sea-widow," (*Sagartia vinduata*). 5. The red anemone, (*Sagartia rosea*.) 6. The warty anemone, (*Bunodes gemmacea*.) 7. The green anemone (*Anthea cereus*.)

LITTLE WILLIE.

CHAPTER XV.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186.)

BEFORE reaching Laramie the company passed a very large number of Sioux Indians. There seemed to be thousands of them. They did not appear to be very friendly. It was afterwards

known as *Premnas biaculeatus*, also lives within the stomach of the anemone, *Actinia crassicornis*. Some live a roving life, like the Adamsia, that is often found upon the back of the hermit-crab, that, upon leaving its shell, obliges its friend, the anemone, to change also. The *Urticina* is luminous."



GROUP OF SEA ANEMONES.

learned that there were some differences between them and the soldiers situated at Fort Laramie, and next day it culminated in a fight, when one of the chiefs were killed. By this time the company had reached the Black Hills, and late at night drove into camp alongside of Captain Brown's company. Next morning a Crow Indian, and special friend of a post trader whose place was not far from camp, gave him the news of the Laramie trouble with the Sioux Indians, and warned him to flee immediately, as they would probably murder all the white people they could find, for they were on the war path and traveling westward. The trader and Indian visited the camp and informed Job Smith, the captain, of the situation, who immediately consulted with Captain Brown (whose company was ready to start), and desired him to wait till his company could also get their cattle up, and then the two companies start together. But Captain Brown declined and moved on. The cattle had been driven off two or three miles to get feed. Willie and three others were sent after them and brought them up with all possible speed. In a few minutes the cattle were yoked up and the wagons rolled out. The cattle also seemed to partake of the fear felt by the people, and traveled much faster than usual. About two o'clock p.m. they stopped at a swampy place, where the grass was good, and gave them a good feed, then rolled out again and traveled till sunset. A corral was formed, and the cattle with yokes were chained to the wheels inside. Many of the sisters especially were alarmed at fires seen on distant hills, which were said to indicate the presence of Indians. As soon as darkness came on the company moved onward again. The cattle seemed frightened, and

traveled remarkably fast till nearly morning, and in this way the company succeeded in avoiding trouble with the Indians.

Some time before this a Brother Ford, now residing in Centerville, Davis County, was taken sick with mountain fever, and was now reduced nigh unto death. He could not walk and had to be moved like a child, and while lying helplessly sick in the wagon the train moved on up a dugway. About half way up was a very sharp turn, and on the off-side quite a precipice. A little boy was driving team. The off hind wheel slid down to the very edge of the precipice. Willie, who was driving the next team behind, and was close up to the wagon in which Brother Ford was riding, instantly took in the situation, sprang on to the nigh hind wheel and told the cattle to stop, and called for help, and his weight balanced the wagon till other teamsters near at hand came to the rescue. The cattle were kept still and the wagon held in position until Brother Ford had been lifted out, and the wagon was then put on the firm road again. All felt very thankful that Brother Ford and his team had been saved, for had they fell it must have been certain death.

As the company neared the Sweetwater, Brother Ford took a turn for the better, but was still extremely feeble. He was told that a little good French brandy would do him good. A man in the company named H. J. Jarvis had a keg of it. He was asked to let Brother Ford have a little, but refused, and in the absence of money the latter offered his watch as security, promising to redeem it as soon as possible after the arrival of the company, but all to no purpose. Jarvis did not wish to break into the keg, and therefore the sick

man had to get along without it as best he could. At night Willie and some others were sitting around the camp fire talking with Captain Job Smith about the matter, when Captain Smith said, "That man has got but little feeling; but you take notice, that keg of brandy will not reach Salt Lake in safety. This saying became known throughout the camp, and was frequently a topic for conversation during the rest of the journey. Finally camp was formed at the western foot of the Little Mountain, in Emigration Canyon, and the cattle were unyoked for the last time before arrival at Salt Lake City. Many remarks were made as to the still safe condition of the noted brandy keg and its contents, and it was believed that the captain would not prove to be a true prophet. The night passed away, and early morning found the camp astir and full of joy that their long and wearisome journey of over eight months would be ended soon after noon that day. In this fond anticipation and rejoicing all in camp appeared to have forgotten the story of the brandy keg. As the cattle were hitched up the wagons rolled out. The only prevailing idea seemed to be that the journey would end that day; but all the wagons had hardly left the camp ground before the wagon carrying the brandy upset. One end of the keg came out, and the brandy suddenly mixed with the waters of Canyon Creek, and coursed on its downward path to mix with the salt waters of the Great Salt Lake, and all the camp rejoiced except the owner of the keg.

Without further interruption the company reached Salt Lake City in the afternoon, and many hearts were made glad in meeting father, mother, sister, brother or dear friends who had gone to Utah before them, who brought sup-

plies of bread, potatoes, etc., for the incoming company, who had been on short rations for some time. The night before Willie and some others gathered mushrooms for supper, their provisions having given out. The great mealy potatoes and loaves of bread that their friends had brought appeared more beautiful than would nuggets of gold. The company had been over three months crossing the plains from the Missouri River, during which time they had never seen any vegetables. Therefore, this first meal in the valley of Great Salt Lake seemed to be the sweetest and best they had ever eaten.

In company with John Lancaster, an intimate friend of Willie, he started for Kaysville, where he was kindly received by his eldest brother Robert and family. Willie worked with his brother and remained with him for about two years. During the fall and winter of '54 and '55 Willie taught school at Kaysville. In the spring he and his brother took up about one hundred and twenty acres of land below Ogden City, and early in March, 1854, Willie and a deaf and dumb boy named Holland, sent by Willie's brother, went to dig a ditch around the land, and fence it in with this ditch and a willow fence. They fixed a little shelter on the land with brush and camped there while working at fencing the farm. This work made Willie's hands very sore; they blistered, and the skin came off, but he kept on and soon his hands became accustomed to the work.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAZINESS grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

An Evil Spirit.

THE town of Brighton is situated on the south coast of England, in the County of Sussex. I left that town on the 13th of November, 1853. I traveled by rail to the town of Cookfield, where I arrived the same day. I commenced going from house to house, talking with the people and leaving them tracts to read. I had only one penny when I arrived there, with which I bought a small loaf of bread. That was my supper. A man asked me where I was going to sleep. I told him I did not know, whereupon he gave me sixpence. I went to an inn and remained all night.

The next morning I started to Bolney. On my way I sat down by the roadside to write my journal and rest myself. While doing so a man by the name of Cook came along and stopped in front of me. He was one of the strangest looking men I ever saw in my life, and his actions were as strange as his looks. He picked up some pieces of straw and sticks and stood breaking them in pieces and dropping them in the road, and picking others up and doing the same with them; at the same time he kept his eyes rolling around as though they were worked by some evil spirit. For several minutes he continued thus without saying a word. I had read of men possessed, but I had never seen or thought of anything that filled the bill as well as this man before me.

Finally he said, "They say I am bewitched," and I thought if there was such a thing as being bewitched he looked as much like it as anything I could imagine. He continued: "I was just as well as you are today, when all at once I became as you see me, and

now I see something that should be done, but when I go to do it I cannot do it, and everything goes wrong with me."

I asked him if he believed in Jesus Christ.

He answered, "O yes. I wish He was on the earth now and I could touch the hem of His garment, for I should thus be made whole."

I asked him if he believed that Jesus left men on the earth with the same power as He had.

He said he did, and wished there were such men upon the earth now.

He said he would be willing to do anything if he could be as well as he once was.

I told him there were men upon the earth now who had the same power as the ancient servants of God had.

At this saying he became very much excited, and said, "Is there? I wish I could see one of them."

I then rose to my feet and said, "Look at me; I am one of them." (I seemed almost compelled by the Spirit to do so.) As soon as I told him that he stepped back in the road as though he was afraid, and stood looking at me, sizing me from head to foot, his eyes glaring like those of a wild animal. I told him if he would promise me that he would do as I told him I would pray for him. He said he was willing to do anything if he could be as he once was.

I asked him to give me his hand. He came towards me and held out his hand, but when I was about to take hold of it he drew back, so that I could not get hold of it. This he did several times. At last I stepped forward and grasped his hand in my right hand. I had no sooner done so than I felt as though a fire was made on the top of my head, and the heat commenced to descend

down through my body, more especially down my right arm. It seemed hot enough to burn me, yet I felt calm, and the Spirit of God burned within me, and when it reached my right hand (for it went steadily down my arm) this man began to shake and tremble in a fearful manner. Then the Spirit said to me, "You can do what you please with him, but when you leave him he will go back to where you found him." I therefore let go of his hand, and he seemed as calm and reasonable as any man. I preached the gospel to him and went with him to his house, and left him a tract to read. At this time I held the office of Priest.

I went on my way rejoicing and praising God for the manifestation of His power and His blessings to me. I felt humble and of myself I was nothing, but when the power of God was upon me I could do anything the Lord wanted me to do. I learned also that no power could withstand a man when the power of God was upon him, and I am thankful to God for the experience He gave me then, as well as at other times, for it has been a blessing to me and has taught me to trust in God. My testimony is that if we trust in God He will be our deliverer in the day of trouble.

James Bullock.

My Samoan Experience.

HAVING mentioned, though briefly, the traditional origin of the Samoan and his customs and habits, we will now hear some little of the labors proper and also experiences of our Elders there on those far-off islands between 1888 and 1892, the former date or year being the advent of the gospel there as preached by white Elders, though not the year in which the Samoans first heard the principles of our faith, for as far back as the intru-

sion of the Johnston army into Utah's peaceful vales, they (the Samoans) in part heard the truth as preached by two Sandwich Island natives named Manoa and Kimo Belio.

It will be remembered by those acquainted with Sandwich Island Church history that when the Elders abroad were called home, all except Elder Gibson, on the Sandwich Islands returned home. And while his disobedience was not apprehended to be particularly dangerous to the work (for at that time many hundreds of the natives had joined the Church), yet it was regarded, as it is in any person's case, as a step towards apostasy. Elder Gibson was not long alone before he worked upon the confidence and sympathy of the natives, and soon set himself up as the head of the church, and under him he organized the different quorums of the priesthood, and commenced sending missionaries to other groups of the Pacific. Belio was one of his apostles and Manoa a seventy, I think. These two natives were earnest for a while after arriving on Samoa, in preaching, and a number of the Samoans were baptized.

Of course Elder Gibson's was a reign of short duration on the Sandwich Islands, but there being no mail service in the South Seas, and at that time sailing vessels were depended upon to happen along and carry letters from one group to wherever they were bound, Manoa and Belio did not hear for some time that Gibson's authority to organize a church was usurpation personified. Quite naturally, too, they then lost the spirit of preaching, and engaged in the trading business; but, strange to say, and yet not so strange either, the spirit of the missionary work did not entirely leave them, but continually urged them

to correspond again with Hawaii (Sandwich Islands), which they did a number of times, but seemingly in vain, for to many letters no answer was ever received. At length (about seventeen years ago) Belio died, and Manoa almost despaired ever seeing the work established on the islands; but ere again many years had elapsed he wrote again, and finally received the encouraging news that white Elders would be sent down from Hawaii. He waited, and waited and waited, but no Elders came. The matter was again allowed to be forgotten, and was once more entered on memory's tablet of the past.

By this time Manoa had almost become a Samoan himself, and the old church members said they would no more believe his promises, and that there was no Church called "Mamona" (Mormon). The hour seemed now approaching, and Manoa again wrote. I've often wondered how many of us under like circumstances would have striven so long and untiringly to again taste the sweetness of that influence which alone accompanies the Spirit of God, and how many would have waited and yearned as did this poor native to have the gospel again taught to his brothers, and after his pleadings, too, had almost been ignored those many years. True, God moves in a mysterious way His purposes to unfold.

The time seemed now to have arrived, and, as is always the case, the right man was at hand. Brother J. H. Dean, seeing these letters while on his mission to Hawaii, felt moved upon, as he was set apart not only to Hawaii but to different groups of the South Seas, to correspond with Manoa, and soon received a most encouraging reply. The authorities were then communicated with, and the harvester soon left for

this new field with his wife and child, trusting alone in the Father of all to befriend them, among natives of whom they knew not one, though Manoa had promised to meet them there. This was in June, 1888, and when the dawn of the eighth day out from Honolulu heralded a new epoch into the history of their lives, they saw in the misty distance the ever-green isles of Samoa. The steamer at that time did not go in to Apia; it simply stopped its propeller in mid ocean and dumped mail and passengers in whatever boats came from Tutuila, an island about three-quarters of a mile to the east of the steamer's course, and left them to get ashore as best they could. And if too much wind should blow the steamer would not stop, but go through to Auckland, which trip, together with the thoughts of the possibility of the extra expense in getting back to Samoa, were not the pleasantest reflections to pass through the homesick minds of many of our sea-sick missionaries that landed first on Tutuila.

Brother and Sister Dean were disappointed in having instead of Manoa to meet them, a Samoan with a small boat and crew of natives to take them and baggage ashore.

Brother Dean talked Hawaiian to them in vain, for there's quite a difference in the languages; but by his repeatedly asking where Manoa was, they understood that he must want Manoa, so they were soon on their way to Aunuu, where Manoa lived. Aunuu is a small island about eighteen miles from where the steamer stops, and is divided from Tutuila by about one mile of water. It isn't over one-and-a-half by one mile in length and width, and inhabited by possibly five hundred natives. The work surely began at the bottom of the ladder, as it were, on Samoa. Brother

Dean soon felt at home with the Hawaiian Manoa, and the Annuu natives tendered a royal welcome, and it wasn't long before a number of those who had believed in the principles once taught by Belio and Manoa applied for baptism.

In their meetings Brother Dean would speak in Hawaiian, and Manoa translated it in Samoan.

In a few weeks Kapule, a Sandwich Islander, who was called to go with Brother Dean, but was delayed, joined Brother Dean. He was a very intelligent Hawaiian, and had been in the Church over thirty years. By this time Brother Dean had a nice little branch, and the need of more missionaries was plainly visible. Accordingly Brothers Beesley, Lee and wife and myself were called, and on the 13th of September, 1888, we left for the first time the homes of our childhood. Three days this side of Samoa we crossed the "line," and while in this latitude the old Mariposa's crew performed the equatorial shaving act on a young seaman who had never before crossed the equator. It is a most severe test of a man's patience, yet in the hands of so rough a gang 'tis better to suffer wrong than to object. The crew were all dressed in fantastic array, with King Neptune on the throne, who but commanded and it was done. The young man was stripped, and with great, coarse, whitewash brushes was lathered completely, eyes, nose and mouth included. He got somewhat angry, and for this cause was washed with a large stream from the hose, and lathered more roughly. Then they scraped him quite cruelly with hoop irons, then painted him with blood and grease, and put his clothes on over all, much to his discomfort and anger.

On the morning of October 9th we were shown a small dot on the horizon to the south-east of our course. We watched with eager eyes, and when we thought of leaving civilization one moment, and the next left among unknown natives of these out of the way islands, we felt that silence was solace. Expressions of deep sympathy were heard on the lips of all for Sister Lee and child, while the rougher would say, "What fools you folks are; come away out here to live among a lot of barbarous looking savages."

It was then that we commenced to think of our happy homes and the free-from-care and responsibility lives we had lived among friends and loved ones, and as we stood holding to the bulwarks, the wind whistling through the rigging, we gazed over the rolling, white-capped ocean, noticing that every bound and lunge of the vessel increased the size of the island ahead. The wind blew a gale, and the foaming spray would fly from bow to stern. Yet a little while and we could see the trees, and just ahead like butterflies on the waves tossed the white sails of two small crafts. One was the mail cutter; the other was an open boat, thirty-six feet long by six to eight feet wide, manned by Brothers Dean and Manoa, with a crew of natives. We protested that the boat would not hold us and baggage, but we had no other way to even attempt to reach shore, so we had to pile in, and like sitting on a large cork on the tremendous swells, we watched the steamer till she gradually sank below the horizon. *Ejay Wood.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Testimonies.

WE learn from the word of God that we should store our minds with knowledge, and become well informed in the

things of the kingdom, and in all useful knowledge, then leave it to the Spirit of the Lord to suggest what portion is needed at any time and place; also that the Lord desires us to go forth without purse or scrip, that those who teach faith, and trust in God, may learn it by experience, which is the most lasting lesson. This is the way the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints go, and have invariably proven the above words of the Lord to be true. In no instance have they failed; or this is my testimony at least, and I have heard hundreds of our missionaries bear the same testimony, thus proving that "the Lord works with them, confirming the words with signs following."

In 1876 I was called of God to go upon a mission to the United States. I could not read a word without spelling it, save it were a word of two or three letters; neither could I write, as I had had dim sight from the time I was five years of age till I was twenty-two, so dim, indeed, that at no time could I distinguish one letter from another. But through the mercy of God I was restored to sight. I was truly a weak instrument to go upon a mission; I was so weak and incapable to perform such a labor that I prayed almost incessantly to the Lord that He would help me to obtain the necessary education, to strengthen my memory, make me able to explain the words of life to my fellow-man. I each time promised Him I would preach His gospel all my life, if He desired me to do so. My first field was at Sylvester, Mecasta County, Michigan. After laboring there a short time, I went south to Allegan County, where I also had relatives as I had at Sylvester. After I had been there some eight days, and had retired to my room at night, I earnestly wished for light,

and kneeled down and prayed for it. Just then a light came into the room, and a voice said, "Be of good cheer, for thy prayers have reached the ears of the Lord, and shall be answered if thou art faithful. Go back north again, for there are many honest hearts there."

Next day I went to Mecasta County, and inside of a year I baptized forty-one persons in that and neighboring counties. Within six months I could also read right off without stopping to spell, unless I came to a very uncommon word. One evening in January, 1877, I had an appointment to preach at Millbrook, in the school house. I received word that some men were going to mob me. There was a family by the name of Blood which I had baptized living three miles from the village. On the day appointed I went to Millbrook from Sylvester, a distance of fifteen miles, but none of Brother Blood's people were in. I preached to a peaceable and crowded house. After meeting I started for Brother Blood's. As I ascended a hill going out of the village I saw a bright light in the road ahead of me. The night being without a moon, I thought that some one with a lantern was there going my way, and was waiting for me. I hurried my steps, and when I got near it I found it suspended in air, with no one near it, about four or five feet from the snow directly over the center of the road. When I got within a few feet of it, it moved on, keeping directly over the center of the road, lighting it up so I could see the straws and other objects. It kept the same distance ahead. Twice it went out when I started to run to catch up with it. I was puzzled to know the meaning.

About half-way I left the main road, and my path ran through the woods for

a quarter of a mile, then turned to the left into a large clearing, in which was situated Brother Blood's house. There was an old footpath through the woods from the house, intercepting the road some distance on the opposite side of the woods, making it much nearer, but not used then, as the snow was about eighteen inches deep. The light left the main road, following the other to where the footpath turned out. The light followed the path and I the light, although I had to wade in snow nearly to my knees. As soon as I came out in the clearing the light disappeared.

Next day one of the boys was at the village, and found out that several men had been out to those woods to waylay me, but after waiting some time they concluded that I remained in town over night.

One night in the summer of 1876 I preached at a country school house called the Moffitt School House. When I was about half through speaking a United Brethren preacher entered, took his seat near the stand, and when I ceased speaking he arose and asked if I believed in polygamy. I answered I was not there to preach that principle.

"Do you believe it right for a man to have more than one wife at a time?"

I answered, "Yes, if all concerned are agreed."

He turned to the audience and told them that they ought to kick me out of the house and drive me out of the county; that they ought to be ashamed to allow me around there teaching polygamy to their families.

I informed them that I had not mentioned it until he forced me to do so.

At this juncture a Mr. Roe arose in the congregation and said, "If anyone ought to be kicked out it's Mr. Lane. This man has been a gentleman; he has

not mentioned polygamy, and this minister came in and turned loose on him. He don't mention the time when I helped take him home in the night from a saloon drunk. I would not have told it on him had he not pitched on this gentleman in the way he did."

This caused a disturbance, some of those present favoring one and some the other.

I started for Sylvester, a distance of two miles. I had to pass through one mile of woods. After I got a short distance in the woods I felt strongly impressed to leave that road and take to the woods. As I could not resist this feeling, I did so, and had a fearful time with mosquitoes and underbrush, but succeeded in reaching another road, and arrived safely at my destination.

Next day Mr. Edward Roose, of Sylvester, who had attended meeting, told me that he started from the schoolhouse before I did, and when he got half-way through the woods four or five men pounced upon him with an oath about the Mormon. Mr. Roose spoke, and it appears they knew his voice and let go of him. He said he did not feel uneasy about me, as he had heard Mr. Roe ask me to go home with him, and thought I did so, or he would have waited for me. I could not go with Mr. Roe, as I had an engagement with a gentleman at Sylvester at nine a.m. next day. Truly the angels are round about the Elders as they travel from place to place.

We held a conference at St. Francis, Anoka County, on September 3rd and 4th, 1881. Nearly half the congregation were Scandinavians, who could not understand one word of English, hence the Scandinavian Elders did most of the talking. The afternoon on Sunday, however, was occupied by one of the Elders in the English language upon the apos-

tasy from and restoration of the ancient faith. He occupied about two hours. After the close of the services it was learned that those who could not understand English said they understood every word in their own language, and told Elders Mads Anderson of Mount Pleasant, and Jacob Jacobsen, of Moroni, Sanpete County, what was preached. Several soon joined the Church.

A LEAF FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

On Sunday, September 11th, 1881, Elder Mads Anderson and I arrived at Monticello, Wright County, Minn., and met three other Elders there. They had obtained the use of a hall over a grocery store, and we held meeting at two and 7.30 p.m. A rough crowd gathered at the latter meeting, remaining outside cursing, swearing and threatening to mob us. They threw missiles against the building, which was of wood. At length five men came in, walked to the stand where one of the Elders was speaking, handed him a note, turned and went out. It read as follows:

"If you are not out of this house within five minutes we will take you out by force." Charles Cutting was the person who delivered the note.

It was read to the people, and the Elder kept on preaching about half an hour. We then closed and went down stairs, which were on the outside. As Elder James Godfrey, of South Cottonwood, Utah, reached the bottom of the stairs, he stepped into a rope which had been fixed for that purpose by a mob. Several men, who held the other end, started on the run, throwing him to the ground. The mob ran up over a great pile of wood, to drag his body through it, but before Brother Godfrey reached the wood the rope broke, leaving five or six feet on his limb.

Who broke the rope, for it was a heavy new rope? Elder Godfrey has the piece yet.

The mob thus frustrated were more enraged than ever, and gathered around us determined to hurt us. We appealed to the patriotic feelings of the citizens standing by, and claimed the right as American citizens to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience.

At length several citizens interfered, a fight ensued, and Mr. Cutting was beaten so badly he did not leave his home for some days. While they were quarreling thus among themselves, and at the suggestion of a gentleman, we left for safe quarters.

Wm. M. Palmer.

RAY ELLIOT'S RIDE.

A Story of the Flood.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 189.)

After talking some time in the cottage, Sudbury proposed that they should ride about through the hills which enclosed the reservoir, and they started off together, Ray, however, decided to stay behind them. He had found splendid amusement in his favorite pastime of constructing miniature dams, the bed of a stream in the narrow gulch near by offering some exceptional opportunities. He tired at last, however, in his efforts of piling huge rocks into the stream, and building up walls with sticks and bits of logs, and walked out onto the great dam. Below him stretched the artificial lake, its level higher than ever now, from the accession of the fast melting snows. The immense pipes which conducted the water through the dam were built compactly into the wall so as to prevent leakage, and Ray could

see them where they projected from the outer walls of the dam connecting with the flumes which conducted the water down into the valley.

The flumes were laid in the bottom of a shallow gulch below him, and Ray made his way down the embankment to get a nearer view of the pipes projecting from the dam. As he stood looking at the great wall above him something peculiar caught his gaze and held his attention. It was a small line of water trickling from a tiny fissure in the wall above the pipes, and dripping noiselessly into the gulch below. The sight made Ray's heart beat tumultuously for a moment. He had learned enough about dams to know that there should be no outlet for the waters save through the pipes or sluices, and he feared very much that something was wrong.

He lost not a moment in guessing, however, and quickly made his way back to the house. Neither of the men had returned yet, and Sudbury's wife, who was the only one at the house, could not tell him in what direction they had gone; but Ray thought it best at least to make an effort to find them, so jumped immediately upon his horse and started in search of them. He could see nothing of either for some time, but found them at length in a narrow gully amongst the hills. He quickly told them what he had seen, and the two men, exchanging startled glances, rode hastily back to the dam. Both were visibly disturbed as they examined the dam, and Sudbury with something like excitement in his manner exclaimed:

"I have been afraid of a break in the wall for months. The pressure has increased tenfold within the last three weeks, and I have had a serious doubt as to the durability of the dam. What

you said a year ago is true. The dam should have been built to curve inward. A horizontal wall sustaining so great a pressure is unsafe, however impregnable it may seem to be."

"It will be as well to open the sluices in any case," Horace quietly suggested, "and I will ride over to Alton and get a force of men up here in case there should be any serious trouble, though I do not think we need apprehend it at once."

He rode away at once, telling Ray to stay there till his return, while Sudbury acted immediately upon his suggestions, opening the sluices and letting a large amount of water flow into the creek formed by a gulch near by.

After Horace was gone Ray stood with Sudbury upon the dam, watching the water in the lake and listening to the stream surging through the artificial outlet. There was no sound from the inside of the dam, but from the crevice outside still trickled the small but ominous stream.

Suddenly, however, as they stood silently watching and listening, there came to their ears a peculiar sound.

In a house where they had once lived, Ray had heard the walls creak sometimes in cold weather, and his father had told him they were settling. The sound which they now heard was like that. Ray glanced at the man at his side and saw that his face had grown deathly pale. He stood silent for a moment and then turned suddenly to Ray.

"My boy," he said quietly, "I am afraid something serious is to come of this, and if so, the people in the valley below must be warned at once. I dare not leave my post and there is no one else here that I can send except you. Do you feel brave enough to undertake it?" Brave enough! Ray thought of

Alice and baby Grace alone at home and the many helpless people below him in the valley, and without a word unhitched Bessie's strap from the post where she was standing and climbed into his saddle.

"When you reach the settlements below get some of the men to start out through the valley," Sudbury called out to him, and the next moment Ray was speeding swiftly away upon his errand.

It was not long before the first houses came in sight, and they were very white and startled faces that looked out from the doors at Ray, as he paused for a moment at each and told his news. To the men who came out and questioned him Ray repeated Sudbury's message, and many of them rode off in different directions to lend their aid in spreading the warning, while Ray rode on straight down the valley. As he looked back hastily over his shoulder once or twice after giving his news, he could see excited groups moving hurriedly about preparing to make their flight to the distant hillsides, beyond reach of the waters, should they indeed burst their bounds.

Ray himself felt very little fear. It seemed almost impossible to him that the great wide wall of rocks and strong planks could give way, though he was anxious to do what he had been bidden, and especially to reach Alice, for uncle Horace's sake at least, who he knew would be glad that every precaution had been taken against danger.

He kept on, still repeating his message at the doorways he passed, and thinking what had best be done when he should reach home.

His father had taken the wagon to Alton, and if Alice decided to leave the house for safety, she and the baby should ride on his horse, while he

would seek some other means for reaching the hills.

Someway the thought seemed childish and useless to Ray, with the memory still distinct in his mind of that great strong wall stretched across the neck of the canyon. He felt almost sure that the danger would pass over till some means could be taken to prevent its occurrence.

As he rode on thinking over it, there came suddenly to his ears a sound such as he had heard never before on earth. Like mighty thunder it was roaring in some deep cavern, and shaking the earth with its terrible concussion. Ray drew his rein abruptly and looked back. Up at the head of the valley, a great gray wall of water towered, and like some huge human thing moved down upon the valley below. Ray looked but for one instant, then with wildly beating heart he turned his head towards home. It would be a hard race to outstrip such a pursuer, even with the start he had gained, but Ray set his teeth, and rode on, determined to reach Alice, if only to die with her, and that indeed was all for which he dared to hope.

He knew that he could easily escape by turning aside at once and riding to the hills, but the thought of acting upon that opportunity never once found place in his heart.

It was needless now to stop and give warning to the people. For miles around had sounded that terrible noise of the bursting dam, and the inhabitants of the valley were already fleeing for their lives.

Ray still kept on, his eyes strained in the direction of home, watching painfully for the first glimpse of the familiar roof top. The sound of the rushing waters thundered nearer and nearer, and it seemed to Ray at times that the next

moment would see them roaring above his head.

Presently as he dashed on the sight of the familiar home-roof came in view, and in a moment more he was beside the gate. As he reached it a glad cry met his ears, and the next moment Alice, with baby Grace in her arms, ran quickly down the path to meet him.

"There's just a shadow of a chance, Alice," Ray whispered breathlessly, "don't lose a moment, climb up in the saddle!" He was about to dismount when Alice stopped him, and flung the baby wildly into his arms.

"Stay where you are, Ray, and hold fast to the baby: I will ride behind."

In another moment she was upon Bessie's back, and had wound her arms about Ray's sturdy little body. "Now Ray, quick!" she whispered breathlessly, and in an instant Ray had given the mare free rein and they were dashing towards the hills.

Oh that terrible ride, with the sound and sight of the mighty flood bearing swifter and swifter upon them; with the throngs of terror-stricken creatures fleeing past them, changed, and inhuman almost, in their fear from that vision of impending death. The deafening roar of the waters as they came close upon their steps, then the last desperate struggle up the steep hillside, as the pitiless, seething mass swept past, finding them safe beyond its grasp. In all the years that may come to him on earth, Ray will never lose the recollections of the horror of that scene.

It is needless to dwell upon the details of the event. The story was told with numberless thrilling descriptions in the newspapers throughout the world during the days which followed its occurrence. What they did not recount, however, together with the many tales of sorrow

and destruction, was a scene which with its joy alone, perhaps, might have made one of the most thrilling stories of the flood; when, several hours after the passing of the waters, there knelt together upon the hillside the little family, which but for a boy's courage, might never have been reunited.

J. S.

THE SCOTTISH HEATHER-BELL.

OLD Scotia grand, my native land,
Thy flow'rs are sweet and fair;
I see them still, by bank and rill,
In clusters rich and rare;
Yet, none of these could ever please
My fancy half so well.
As that sweet flow'r of magic pow'r,
The sweet-breathed heather-bell.
The rose of May that smiles so gay,
The daisy on the lea,
The daffodils that scent the vale,
Where blooms the hawthorn tree,
The woodbine sweet, of lone retreat,
Where swain their secrets tell,
Grow pale and tame beside that gem
The meek-eyed heather-bell.
And who would chide my native pride
For thee, sweet, modest flow'r,
That leads me back o'er life's bleak track
To youth's bright, happy hour:
I still deservy with tearful eye
The hand that deftly fell,
To twine for me with ecstacy
The love wreathed heather-bell.
That hand of love, long in the grave,
I feel it touch me now
As tenderly with sprigs of thee
It decks my throbbing brow,
No wonder then, with heart and pen
I love thy charms to tell,
And crown thee queen of all flow'rs seen
The Scottish heather-bell. J. C.

MAN is the author of most of his infirmities, and of them the greater number originate purely from mental or moral causes. It would be absurd to suppose that many diseases, and deaths, too, do not arise from causes beyond the control of man; but his own pursuits and habits in life lay the foundation of by far the greatest portion.

... THE ...

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 15, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Blessings Enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints--The Completion of the Salt Lake Temple.

HE children of the Latter-day Saints who now live ought to be very thankful for the opportunities which God has given unto them. They live at an important time, when great events are taking place and the Lord is working mightily in the earth. The predictions of the prophets concerning the last days are now being fulfilled. Every righteous man who has ever lived upon the earth has looked forward with great interest to our day, because they were then led to understand that a reign of righteousness would be ushered in, and wickedness would be banished from the face of the globe. It was not so in their day. They had to battle for righteousness, and many of them suffered immensely, and even laid down their lives as a testimony of the truth. They were slain by wicked men. It was natural then, this being the case, that the eyes of all Saints in every age should be attracted to the last days, the time when the promises of the Lord led them to expect that God would establish His Church upon the earth and prepare the way for the coming of the Son of Man. We who live now are the heirs of these promises. The Church of Christ is established and will stand; wickedness will be banished from the face of the earth; the judgments of the Lord will

go forth; nation will rise against nation, and the wicked will slay the wicked. There will be pestilences; there will be famines; there will be earthquakes; there will be signs in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, in fulfillment of the words of the Lord. But righteousness will be fully established. The day will come when as the prophet has said: "They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." That which we are now doing is preparing the way for the fulfillment of this.

How blessed then are we who live in this age and who have the privilege of taking part in this great work! Our hearts should swell in thanksgiving and praise to our Father in heaven for giving us this precious opportunity.

FOR forty years the Saints have been looking forward with great interest to the completion of the Temple at Salt Lake City. They have toiled and expended means liberally to finish this building so that they and all the Saints might have the privilege of entering its sacred precincts and receiving ordinances for themselves and their progenitors.

President Brigham Young, during his lifetime, devoted much means and time and thought and labor to forward this great work. In all this he was assisted by his counselors, Heber C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Jedediah M. Grant, Daniel H. Wells and George A. Smith, all of whom have gone with him on the other side of the veil. Other Apostles also labored diligently for the same great end who have since gone to reap the reward of their faithfulness. The

living Apostles who are to behold the structure completed and take part in its dedication have in their turn striven to do their share in the great work. Of the members of the Council of the First Presidency and the Twelve who were living forty years ago, and who took part as Apostles in the laying of the foundation stone, there are only three remaining, Presidents Wilford Woodruff, Lorenzo Snow and Franklin D. Richards. To them has been given the honor of taking part in both of these great events—the laying of the foundation stones and the dedication of the building now that it is completed. Patriarch John Smith also assisted the First Presidency in laying the corner stone, and he is still living among us. Of the Presiding Bishopric, all who took part in those services have gone to the spirit world and also all of the Presidency of the High Priests' quorum and of the Stake, excepting Brother George B. Wallace, who is still living. There are none of the Seven Presidents of the Seventies who officiated in laying the corner stones of the Temple, now left in the flesh. A new generation has grown up, and upon them the labors rest of carrying forward the work of God.

FRAGMENTS.

**Back in the Fifties--An Advancing Army--
All Upon the Altar--Half an Hour's Pre-
paration for a Mission--Lost at Night in
the Loup.**

THE year 1858 was an eventful year in the history of the Latter-day Saints. Thirty-five years have fled since then—a long period to look forward to; but in looking back, so deeply were the events of that time impressed upon the mind

that they are almost as vivid now as if they had but recently occurred.

In the early spring of that year the army sent by President Buchanan was still at Fort Bridger and vicinity. The winter had been a severe one. It had furnished time for reflection, and it had the effect to make some of the rash spirits with the army feel more cool than they had been the preceding summer while on the march. The check the army had received had also given the country, and especially the Administration, time to think. Of course there was deep and serious thinking done by President Young, his counselors and the people at home. The checking of the army had called public attention in the States to the situation. If the Administration should not reconsider its action, but should determine to carry out its hostile policy, then the situation would be exceedingly grave. As Governor of the Territory President Young could not array himself and the citizens against the authority of the Federal government. He could hamper and retard the march of an armed mob, moving against the people with the announced purpose of destroying them; but he could not resist the entrance of a newly-appointed Governor of the Territory, nor the advance of troops of the United States.

The position was, in many respects, a critical one. Further resistance could not be defended, much less justified, legally. Yet if the design was to repeat the mobocracy of other days was it proper to submit quietly to that treatment? This was a question the answer to which was fraught with the most serious consequences. But President Young and his associates proved equal to the crisis. The people also were ready to do their part. They were not

found wanting in that hour of trial. It was decided to move south, abandon Salt Lake City and the northern settlements and burn and destroy the houses, orchards and other improvements and leave the land a waste and a desolation.

My readers, think what this meant! Have you or your parents a comfortable home which has been built by years of toil? Think of taking out of it only such articles as you could not dispense with, and loading them into a wagon and leaving behind you all your furniture to be burned with the house. This was the plan adopted, and this was what the people resolved to do. From no quarter was a murmur of dissent heard. They responded heroically to the decision. They made the best preparations they could for the journey, boxed their flour, collected their other provisions, loaded their wagons, and, in some instances, their hand-carts, and started. The scenes of the past were still vivid in the memories of very many. They recalled with a shudder the sufferings and outrages they had been compelled to endure in Missouri and Illinois. Rather than have them re-enacted they elected to destroy their own improvements, which had cost them so much, and leave the country.

But though all the improvements in the city and in the north were made ready for the torch, they were not burned. In their hearts the people had made the sacrifice as much as if the whole had been destroyed. They had left their homes not expecting to see them again. The Lord was pleased with their willingness and accepted their offering. At this juncture, commissioners from Washington, sent out by the President of the United States, came to Utah. They held interviews with the leading men. An understanding was reached. The

army marched through the empty city to its selected quarters at Camp Floyd and the Saints who had left their homes and moved south returned to them.

It was after these events that I returned from Fillmore, whither I had been requested to go, when it was decided to abandon Salt Lake City, by President Young, with a press, and type and other materials, and printers, to publish the *Deseret News*. There was no longer any necessity for the *News* to be published away from the city, so I was advised to pack up everything and return. At Payson at noon on Monday, as I was unhitching my team at Brother William B. Preston's—who lived at that town at that time—Brother John Bollwinkle drove up with a carriage and mules and handed me a note. It was from President Young, and was dated the day previous, Sunday. He informed me that I had been appointed to go East on a mission. The company I was to go with expected to start the next day (the day I received the note), and he wished me to come to the city as quickly as I could. In reply to my inquiry the messenger said he would be ready to start back as soon as he had eaten his dinner and fed his mules. While he was gone I gathered up what clothing and bedding and weapons I needed for the journey, and in about three-quarters of an hour we were on our way to Salt Lake City, where we arrived the next morning as day was breaking. As I had only been home from a mission a few weeks before I went to Fillmore, and had been absent several years before on another mission, I had no home in Salt Lake City. In leaving my family at the roadside, therefore, I left them with no bright prospect for comfort and ease during my absence.

But they uttered no complaints. They put their trust in the Lord, and during the two years of my absence, He was their benefactor and friend.

After receiving my instructions the company started the same day, in the month of September, for the states. It consisted of Horace S. Eldredge, wife and daughter, Father Redfield and wife, Bishop F. Kesler, Joseph W. Young, Horton D. Haight and the writer. The journey across the plains was not marked by any particular event until we reached the Loup Fork of the Platte River. But our evenings and nights as we stood guard were made radiant and interesting by the beautiful and resplendent comet which adorned the heavens at that time.

In those days traveling on the Plains at best was but slow and tedious. There was no railroad then over which we could be whisked at the rate of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour; no palace car in which to lounge luxuriously on the cushioned seats in the day time and in which to lie down to be rocked to sleep by the gentle motion at night; no colored porter to wait upon and anticipate the wants of the passenger, with the expectation of getting a half dollar or a dollar when a change of cars had to be made; no finely equipped dining car where excellent meals could be served three times a day as the train moved rapidly forward to its destination. These are the conveniences and luxuries of modern travel. But on that trip, though we had good teams, we thought we had made a fine day's journey when we traveled thirty miles. When we rested in mid-day we had to turn our mules out to graze on such feed as they could pick up; and at night they were left loose, but were watched, each man taking his turn at standing

guard to prevent the animals from being run off or the camp from being attacked by Indians. Upon deciding to camp, the first duty was to unharness the mules, then the man in each mess to whom had fallen the labor of cooking made his preparations for the meal, while the others gathered fuel and brought water and kindled the fire. On that trip Bishop F. Kesler, Brother Horton D. Haight and myself formed one mess. Brother Haight drove the team and Bishop Kesler, being an excellent cook, did the cooking. It fell to my lot to collect the fuel and bring the water and be of general help.

By the time we reached the Loup Fork the autumn had well advanced and the weather was cold. There was no ferry, and a ford had, therefore, to be found. We knew it would not do to use a horse for that purpose, as the bed of the stream was full of quicksand. Genoa, a place settled by the Latter-day Saints, was on the opposite bank, but too far distant for us to communicate with without crossing. There was no alternative, then; somebody had to wade the river and try to find a ford for the teams and wagons. So Joseph W. Young and myself divested ourselves of our coats, vests and boots and started in, he taking a direction somewhat down the river and I going in an upward direction. It was cold, toilsome wading, for the quicksand was heavy. We waded around for some time, but though we found bars on which the water was shallow, we could not find a crossing which we thought safe. Finally, I determined to cross to the other bank and see if some communication could not be had with the town. As I was carrying this conclusion into effect I saw a man standing on the bank, whom I thought I knew. It was Brother Joel H. John-

son, who was residing temporarily at Genoa. At the point where he stood the bank was somewhat steep and high and the stream swept past it with some volume and swiftness; but I was so glad to see him that I thought nothing of that, and soon swam across and told him the names of the company and what we wanted. He started immediately for the settlement and I had scarcely done more than cross the river and reached camp and told my story when we saw two men with several yoke of oxen coming to the river. It was Brother Nathan Davis, who now lives at Vernal, Uintah County, and another brother. Brother Davis was familiar with the river, and by taking a winding course from one bar to another he brought the oxen over to our side. The cattle were hitched on to Brother H. S. Eldredge's wagon and he and his folks were taken safely across. I had again waded across with this wagon, feeling anxious to see it safely over; and by the time we reached the opposite side the sun had gone down, and the shades of evening were closing around us. I was the only one of the company on that side of the river who belonged to the wagons on the other side, and I was pressed to go up to the settlement and stay till morning. It was urged that I must be tired, and chilled and hungry, and I ought not to attempt to cross again. To all of which I replied, if I do not return our companions on the other side will be uneasy about me and may feel alarmed for my safety. So we separated—they to go to Genoa, I to recross the river to the camp on the other side.

In that country the setting of the sun is followed quickly by darkness. The lengthened twilight which we in the mountains have after the sun goes down, is not witnessed there. I perceived it

was getting rapidly dark, and I desired to cross as quickly as I could, and avail myself of the little remaining light. I did not, therefore, follow the route on which the wagon had traveled; but I plunged in to swim across the deep part and then to wade and swim as I might find necessary to go straight across.

My wading in the quicksand, my lengthy exposure in scanty apparel to the cold in the water, and my swimming in my clothes had fatigued and chilled me more than I was aware of. I soon became conscious of this. I was tired, my clothes hung heavily upon me and impeded my progress; to add to my danger darkness had closed around me, and it was deep darkness, at least I felt so that night in the river alone and far from human help, with the water boiling around me. A condition that in daylight might scarcely have been noticed became, under those circumstances, a terror.

As I write, the sombre scene rises before me. I see the thick darkness which hides everything from view, I hear the rush of the stream as I battle desperately with it, and I feel the sinking of the heart at the thought of being lost in that strange place, with no one of my family or friends to ever know my fate. It is in such peril that thoughts flash with lightning rapidity through the brain. The reflections and scenes of a lifetime are crowded into a few minutes. I thought of all my past life, the promises that had been made to me, the sweet hopes I had entertained for the future, the important mission that had been given me; and was this to be the close of my career? What a message to send to my fellow-servants and my family—that I had disappeared, no one knew how or where; but pre-

sumably by drowning in the Loup Fork of the Platte River.

And with these thoughts I prayed. I called upon the Lord to help me, for I was lost in the darkness in the river. In daylight it might have seemed but a short distance to swim. I always had confidence in my swimming powers. But it was dark now; I was benumbed and tired, and I was without human companionship, and the distance appeared long. But I exerted all my powers and kept on swimming and praying. Can I make anyone understand the unspeakable joy I felt when I struck the bar and found myself in shallow water? I sunk on my knees exhausted in the sand, inexpressibly thankful for my deliverance from death. The rest of the distance I was very careful to make in shallow water. I wandered around considerably, but whenever I found myself going where it was deep I retreated and tried some other spot.

I have crossed the Loup Fork in the cars many times since then. I never see the stream without recalling the memories of this and another escape which a number of us had in crossing that river. It is not a very large stream to look at now, but that night I thought it awfully wide.

When I reached the other bank to my surprise and disappointment the wagons had gone, and I found myself in a bad position to pass the cold night. The embers at our camp were still smoldering, and I consoled myself with the reflection that I could sit by a good fire all night, for timber was abundant. My companions evidently had supposed that I had too much sense to attempt to recross the river, and as I learned afterwards had borrowed no trouble about my safety. After waiting some time the moon rose. By its light I succeeded in

tracking the wagons, which had been moved back into the timber to be more sheltered.

The Loup Fork was the scene of another affair that might have proved fatal. The time was two years after the occurrence of which I have written. It was the fall of 1860. I had been away two years on the mission referred to above, and after being five or six weeks at home, had started on a four years' mission in company with a number of other Elders to Europe. Among others in the company were Elders Orson Pratt and Erastus Snow, who were on missions to the States, and Captain Hooper, who was going to Congress as Delegate. We reached the Loup Fork in the month of November. It was cold weather, and at that point we had a storm of sleet and snow. A ferry had been constructed since the time I crossed before; but something had happened to it, and we could not get our wagons across immediately. Before night it was decided that some of us should cross to the other side and get shelter in the houses of the Saints who were living there. There was a skiff belonging to the ferry, and two or three of the young men undertook to row it across. A number of us got into the boat to go over. We were all heavily clad, having overcoats and winter clothing on. Brother Orson Pratt was on board; I had my wife with me, and we sat together in the stern. The ferry rope, a very thick, strong cable, was stretched across the stream and sagged in the water in the center, bobbing up and down with the force of the current. The stream was running with the swiftness of a mill race. We started in some distance above the rope; but the stream carried us rapidly down towards it.

Brother Christopher Merkley, who was on the bank, saw the danger we were in, and commenced yelling to us. He wanted the rowers not to pull so hard, but to allow the skiff to pass under the rope at a place where it was out of the water. But Brother Jesse N. Smith, who was one of the rowers, misunderstood what he wanted, and he rowed with all his might as though pulling for dear life. Sitting as they were, they could not see the danger we were in; neither could others who sat facing the stern of the boat. But my position enabled me to take in the whole situation. We were drifting rapidly down, and were likely to cross the rope where it sagged in the water. If the skiff struck the rope, drifting down at the rate we were, there was every probability we would be spilled out, for the skiff would be capsized. I ceased to breathe, a shiver ran through me as I thought of my former experience in that water, and how badly we were prepared to swim ashore in that swift current. But happily for us, a minute had scarcely elapsed till we had crossed the rope just as it had dipped the deepest, and we were safe. All who saw our position felt that we had had a most narrow escape, and we breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord who had so mercifully delivered us from the threatened peril.

You may be sure that since those days when I have crossed Loup Fork in the cars I have looked at its waters with unusual interest. I cannot forget my escapes, and how nearly I came, on these two different occasions, to being engulfed in their depths.

G. Q. C.

"I HAVE been better than the average man," is the best that a man can say; and even that is chill consolation.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has a disease will often produce that disease. This we see effected when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person sea-sick in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. We have known people to die of cancer in the stomach, or any other mortal disease. A blind-folded man slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible. It is by their faith that they die. As a man thinketh, so is he. If he wills not to die he can often live in spite of the disease; and, if he has little or no attachment to life, he will slip away as easily as a child will fall asleep. Men live by their minds as well as by their bodies. Their bodies have no life of themselves; they are only receptacles of life—tenements for their minds, and the will has much to do in continuing the physical occupancy or giving it up.

To enjoy life avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking, slang phrases and oaths in conversation; deprecate no man's qualities, and accept hospitality of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offense, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities, you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

WHILE in the company the other evening of one of the brethren, who was one of Bishop Roundy's party when they explored the Little Colorado country in the northern part of Arizona, in 1873, and which country has since been partially settled by Latter-day Saints, he related two striking occurrences of the literal fulfillment of the promises made in the name of our Savior by that great Prophet and leader in Israel, President Brigham Young; and thinking, perhaps, they might be interesting to some of your many readers, as they were to me, I pen them down and place them at your disposal.

He said in substance: "When we were set apart by President Young for that mission he promised us, among other things, that if we would do as we were told we would not fail any night to have grass for our horses; and also that as we were going down into a game country, he would promise us, if we would not kill any more game than we needed for our own use, we would always have meat when we needed it.

"In regard to the first-mentioned promise, one of the brethren who was in the party said that if President Young knew as much about the country we were going into as he did, he certainly would not make them any such a promise, for he had been down into parts of it and found much country entirely destitute of grass. On our way down we found grass every night as had been promised. When we got into the San Francisco Mountains, west of where Flagstaff now is, we encountered considerable snow, but for several days found occasional bare spots, with plenty of grass for our animals. But one day there was more snow than usual, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we

made any progress. The snow was about three feet deep, and we were obliged to make one horse wallow through a short distance to break the track, until he was nearly exhausted, and then step aside and let the next take a turn. We kept on all day this way, and about sundown one of the brethren spoke up and said, 'Bishop Roundy, what about President Young's promise now?'

"The Bishop inquired which promise, and he replied, 'The one that we would always find grass for our horses. Here we have traveled all day in this deep snow, and there is no prospect at all for any grass tonight. I guess he has missed it this time.'

"He was assured that we certainly would find some yet, and we traveled on. Just before dark we crossed over a small ridge, and on the other side we found a spot about one hundred yards wide by three hundred yards long without any snow, and covered with as pretty green grass as I ever saw. Indeed there was not a single night on the entire trip that we failed to get what grass our animals needed.

"While crossing the Mogollon Mountains, we came across a great many wild turkeys, and succeeded in securing two, and had meat at other times when we wanted it. But on the way back Bother G. and I left the rest of the company at Johnson, and started over the mountains to Panguitch; but being stopped by the very deep snow, we were compelled to retrace our steps and go around by way of Kanab. As this made us about four days longer than we expected, our store of provisions ran short. One day we had nothing but a few crumbs left. In the afternoon while making our way along through the snow I said to my companion,

'Well, what about that meat? Isn't it about time we were getting it; we need it now?'

"He inquired, 'What meat?' and I said, 'That which President Young promised us we would get when we needed it.' He told me we would get it all right, as President Young's word never fell to the ground unfulfilled.

"The subject rested there, but about half an hour afterwards I espied, about three or four hundred yards away, on the side hill, a large, white mountain hare, and asked Brother G. what that was. He replied, 'It's the meat President Young promised us.'

"We stopped, and the hare at once started towards us, coming exactly straight for us until within about ten feet, when it turned as though to pass ahead of us; but when it got to the trail it jumped down into it, and stood up on its hind legs, looking straight at us. I brought my pistol down onto it, securing it, and Brother G. exclaimed, 'There, I told you that was the meat that President Young promised us. I knew it as soon as I caught sight of it as well as I know it now!'

In conclusion the brother said that Bishop Roundy was a man with as much faith in the gospel and the promises of the servants of God as any man he ever saw, and related some very interesting occurrences as examples of it.

Guillermo.

THERE is assuredly no action of our social life, however unimportant, which by kindly thought may not be made to have a beneficial influence upon others; and it is impossible to spend the smallest amount of money, for any not absolutely necessary purpose, without a grave responsibility as to the manner of spending it.

THE OLD LAWYER'S LESSON.

A YOUNG man said that he learned, when eighteen years old, a lesson which was of life-long use to him. A paper was given him by an old lawyer with directions as to what he was to do with it. "But what if I should lose it?" he asked.

"You must not lose it," was the answer, with a most decided emphasis.

"I don't intend to, but what if I should happen to?"

"But I say you *must not* happen to. I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You *must not* lose it."

The old lawyer's manner made its impression and set the youth on a new train of thinking. He found that if he set his mind resolutely on a thing it could be done. If care enough was taken he would not lose nor forget.

Never to lose anything and never forget anything that ought to be remembered became his two mottoes, and by this means he became a successful worker. He always regarded it as the poorest of excuses for one in his employ to say for neglect, "I forgot." He always considered it equivalent to saying that he did not care enough about the business to remember it. We all remember fast enough things that are particularly for our own interest. We ought to make our employer's interest our own, in common honesty, and it is, in a sense, for our interest to do so. It is the youth who are "faithful in that which is least" who rise to preferment and places of greater trust."

Never lose and never forget, if you wish to thrive and lay the foundation for future success.

"Lazy folks can never prosper or thrive." It is the laziest habit of mind that induces one to be always losing and always forgetting.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

Our Mountain Home.

ABOUT four years ago we moved to the Sierra Madre Mountains, to a beautiful little cove near the Peadras Verde River. There were only two families of us together, with another one on a ranch about a mile and a half distant. The nearest town was a small settlement over three miles away, where we sometimes attended meeting. However we did not get lonesome or feel the least fear, although we had often heard that we lived on the trail of renegade Apaches traveling through the country. This fact has since been proven by the sad fate which befel Brother Thompson's family last summer, who were attacked by the Indians. Two were killed and one wounded in this same place.

We did not have much chance to get lonesome, as we were so busy looking after our crops and cattle during the week. Then on Sunday we held Sunday school at our neighbor's house, which was quite a pleasure. Often in the afternoon we children would take a walk to gather moss and flowers, or else we would visit the caves, which were quite numerous.

There were many pretty caves, pillars and arches of solid rock, some of which we named after objects we fancied they resembled. Some of the arches were over fifty feet high. Under one of them grew a huge grape vine, that looked as though it might be a century old. From this, as well as other vines and trees, we gathered fruit to make pies.

There were four or five caves about

four miles distant, which were much larger than those where we lived. One of them was so formed that twenty men might have resisted an army of five hundred men from gaining an entrance into it. It also contained a large olla or pot six or eight feet high, which was likely used to store grain in. Two or three of the caves had been walled up into different rooms. It is believed that these caves were inhabited by ancient people.

The Peadras Verde River, which passed our home, is a clear, mountain stream. It afforded us much pleasure, as we used to bathe in its cool waters very often. There were a great many fish in the river, which we used to catch and use.

One 4th of July my brother and I went to hunt some cows, and took our fishing tackle along with us. We returned home with one cow and a large basket full of fish as the result of our day's hunt and exploit.

Another pleasing feature of our mountain home was that there was plenty of game, as deer and turkey. There were also some of the fiercer kind of animals, as the bear, mountain lion and wild cat. One day my older brother had been hunting. About sundown he saw two large bears. He fired at them and they started after him. He kept on firing until he killed one of them, and thought he had wounded the other. It turned and went into the willows. Being about two miles from home, and having no horse, he concluded to leave the bear and return for it the next day, which he did. It proved to be a pretty good sized one, and pretty well marked with bullet holes.

Junius Romney, aged 15 years.

COLONIA JUAREZ,

CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO.

How Baby Was Healed.

IN February, 1891, we were living in the Tenth Ward in Salt Lake City. My little brother, Asael, then two years and three months old, was suffering greatly with earache and had been crying all day.

My papa came home about dusk. Asael ran to him and said, "Put oil in baby's ear."

Papa asked for the oil, and little brother laid his head so cunningly on papa's knee to have the oil poured in his ear. Papa poured some oil in his ear and anointed around it, and asked the Lord in the name of Jesus to cure him, and rebuked the pain by the Holy Priesthood. Baby was instantly healed and never has had the earache since, although he had it frequently before that time.

Helen C. Palmer, age 9 years.

AURORA, SEVIER CO.

Story About Wild Cats.

I HAVE read a great many stories in the JUVENILE, from the little folks, and they were very good and interesting, so I thought I would write a story about wild cats.

There are a great many in this part of Utah, and they are very destructive to sheep and especially to young lambs. They are also very fond of chickens. In size they are as large as a common dog, and very much the shape of a tame cat; the only difference is that the wild-cat's color is yellow, mixed with black and white, and they have a very short tail. They have a large head and large, round eyes, are very active and strong, and can jump quite a long distance. They will not fight unless closely cornered.

Christmas eve of 1891, my father being away, mother went to the chicken

coop and shut up the chickens. Christmas morning when we went out to open the door there was a wild cat in there, and around him was about thirty-five chickens that he had killed. Mother had shut the cat in without knowing it. One of our neighbors came and shot it.

At another time one made a great many visits to our chicken house before we caught him. This one was very large and fat, for he had eaten forty or fifty chickens belonging to one of our neighbors and ourselves.

Not long since some of our neighbors' children went upon a hill near their home to play; one of them found a nest of four little wild kittens in a hole in the rocks. They went in the hole, caught the kittens and took them home. I think the old one must have been surprised when she come and found her young ones gone.

Once last summer a young man near here saw an old cat and four young ones; he tried to catch her but he could not.

Wm. C. Betteridge, Jr. Age 11.

GROUSE CREEK, BOX ELDER CO., UTAH.

Healed in Answer to Prayer.

I LOVE to read the JUVENILE, and have found many interesting stories in it. I thought I would relate a short story about the power of prayer.

In the year 1868 my mother had a cancer wart in her eye. It grew to be as large as a small marble, and was very painful. She went to see a doctor about it, but he said he could do nothing for it. She then went to another doctor, and he told her it would have to be cut out.

The day was set for the operation, and while waiting for the doctor she had an impression that her mother was sick at

home, and concluded she would not have it done.

She was afterward prayed for by the Elders. The cancer gradually disappeared, and she has never felt any more of it to this day. She says this healing was a great testimony to her, showing the power of prayer and faith.

Maggie Foutz, age 13.

PLEASANT GROVE.

A Pet Bird.

I HAVE been reading the little boys' and girls' stories about birds and animals. I will write about our pet bird. Papa gave it to mamma as a Christmas present.

This bird came from India, and it is one of the most beautiful and cunning birds that I ever saw. It is tall and graceful, and much larger than a black-bird. Its color is black, and when in the sun it has a purple tint. Its head is like black plush, and from its ears extending all around its head are two bright yellow wattels, which look like a yellow satin collar. Its bill and feet are yellow, and when anyone comes into the door it stretches its neck and turns its head about from one side to the other, as though it was measuring them.

One day mamma let the bird out of its cage, and it flew on to the mantle, where the clock was, and stood there as though it was trying to find out what made the pendulum go.

That is not all the bird can do, for it can talk. If mamma calls to it and says "Mino," it will say "What?" as plainly as you could. It also says "Hello!" in five different voices. He sings it, and he screams it, and can say "Polly."

One day it jumped on the mirror and bent his little head down so he could

see himself, and in a comical voice said "Hello!"

Oh, how we did laugh at him! After that he did it many times. He likes to do anything that will please us, for he is very fond of admiration. Now this is all I will write about our pet bird now, but some other time I will tell you some more of his tricks.

Eugenia Silver, age 8 years.

SALT LAKE CITY.

My Father's Escape.

IN reading the many little incidents written by the children, I am anxious to embrace the opportunity that presents itself to me. Nothing has transpired during the twelve years of my life that would be of interest to others, so I will relate some of the critical incidents that my father has passed through.

When in Colorado (which was once my home before my dear father and mother left me to battle through life an orphan) my father was hunting cattle. He was riding an excellent horse at full speed, looking ahead and not at his horse, which gave an odd move, causing him to look down, when he suddenly discovered himself and horse on the edge of a large hole, which they must either jump or fall into it. He put spurs to his horse with the aching thought, "Save us, Clyde, or we must endure a terrible death."

The noble animal seemed to realize the perilous situation and gave an astonishing leap, barely landing on the other side. The place was found to be about twenty feet across, and they could not tell how deep.

At another time my father, being in a herd of stampeding cattle, was safely carried over a cut or gulch in the earth, where close behind him thirty head of

cattle came tumbling in on top of each other, thus killing themselves.

Ada McGregor, age 12 years.

PAROWAN, IRON CO., UTAH.

My Grandmother's Cat.

I HAVE read a good many very interesting little stories in the JUVENILE with much interest, so thought I would write a short story about my grandmother's cat. She is about sixteen years old. She left my uncle's and went over to my grandmother's when she was about three years old, where she has remained in the family ever since. Grandfather says he would not take \$5 for her. She is very good in keeping destructive animals out of the garden.

The children got in the habit of taking the gophers from her when she brought them and scalping them, as a bounty was paid for scalps in this county. She got so used to this that whenever she brought one in she would carry it up to some of them and lay it down, and then look up and mew until they would scalp it, and then she would seem to be quite satisfied to eat it.

The folks sleep upstairs, and she doesn't seem to be content to stay alone downstairs. So she wends her way upstairs and retires every night. When she comes down in the morning if the door is shut she will place her paws upon the knob and rattle it until some of them hear her and open the door. She reminds us of a very aged and infirm person.

Lula M. Cutler, age 8 years.

GLENDAL, KANE CO., UTAH.

A Story of a Coyote.

ONE day my two brothers were out on the range hunting horses. When they

were coming home they saw a young coyote and ran it down, and then one of them got off his horse and caught it. They put a string around its neck and brought it home. When they got home the coyote was so dizzy that it could not stand up.

After awhile I put it in a box and fed it some meat. After it ate that I gave it some water, but it would not drink it. I then gave it some milk, which it drank. After this I took it out of the box and put a string around its neck, and it followed me all around.

The next day I went to town, and my little brother took it out of the box and it got away with the string on its neck. I guess it was glad to get away. We could not find it. I think it found its home.

Daniel Lillywhite, age 12.

BEAVER CITY.

Our Farm.

I HAVE read so many nice stories in the JUVENILE, written by the young people, that I thought I would try and write something, as I have a desire to learn to write.

The farm is a healthful place to live. I like to live on a farm, and play in the newly-mown hay, and drive the cows to the pasture.

My papa is on a mission, and we boys are learning to work on a farm. Last year we raised wheat, oats and corn, also many vegetables. It takes lots of work to run a farm, for we have to water, weed and hoe it. We have lots of fun trapping gophers. A few years ago there was a bounty on gophers and squirrels. The gopher skins brought five cents and the squirrels were two and a half cents each.

Chas. W. Whitaker. Age 9 years.

PETERSBURG, MILLARD CO., UTAH.

CRY OUT AND SHOUT!

BY H. H. PETERSEN.

Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - it - ant of Zi - on! Cry out and shout, thou in -

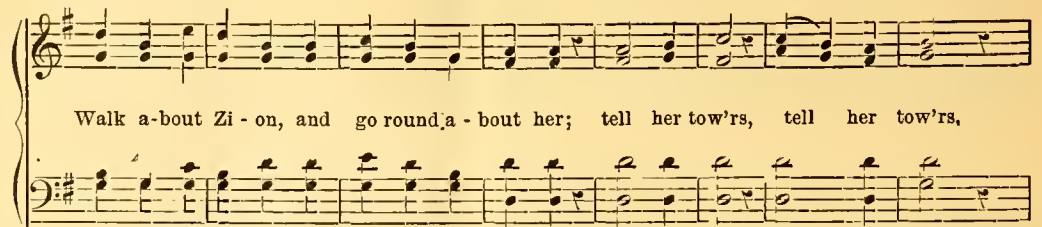
hab - it - ant of Zi - on! For great is the Ho - ly One, For great is the

Ho - ly One, For great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee, For

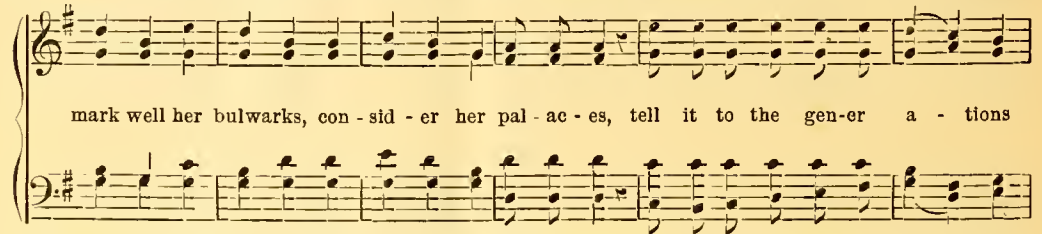
great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee. Beau - ti - ful for sit - u -

a - tion, Beau - ti - ful for sit - u - a - tion, Beau - ti - ful is

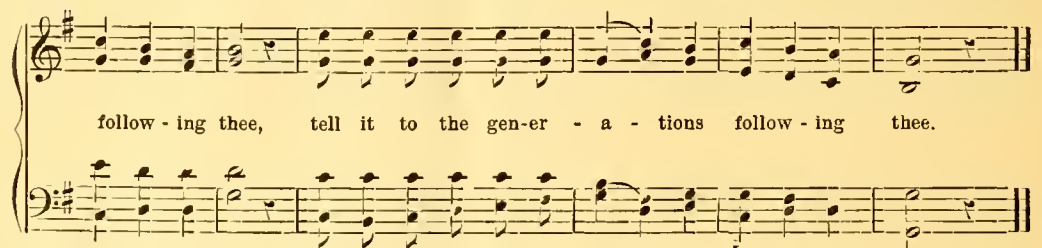
Zi - on, ci - ty of our God, Beau - ti - ful is Zi - on, ci - ty of our God.



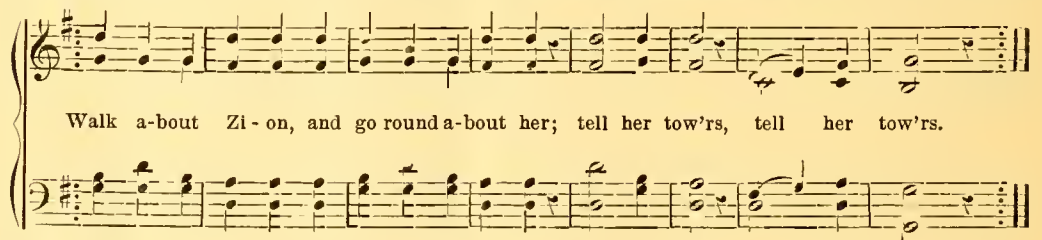
Walk a-bout Zi - on, and go round a - bout her; tell her tow'rs, tell her tow'rs,



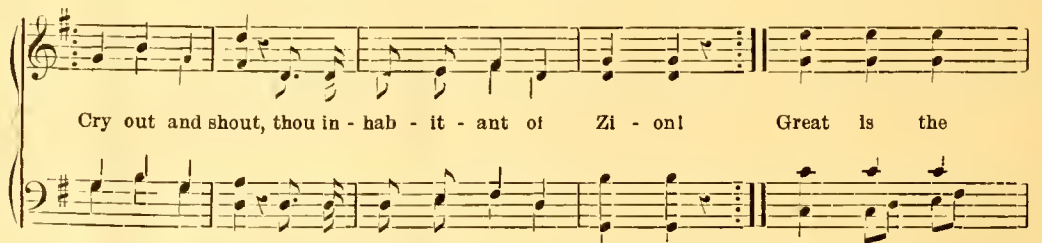
mark well her bulwarks, con - sid - er her pal - ac - es, tell it to the gen - er a - tions



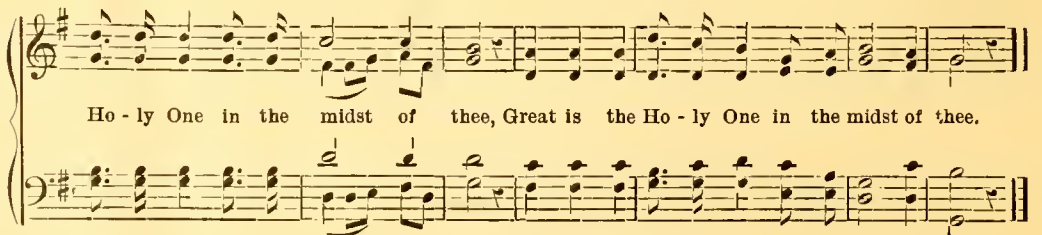
follow - ing thee, tell it to the gen - er - a - tions follow - ing thee.



Walk a-bout Zi - on, and go round a-bout her; tell her tow'rs, tell her tow'rs.



Cry out and shout, thou in - hab - it - ant of Zi - on! Great is the



Ho - ly One in the midst of thee, Great is the Ho - ly One in the midst of thee.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.
Superior to every other known.
Used in Millions of Homes—

40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky
Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable
and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

Contains no Ammonia, no Alum or any
other adulterant

24-28



UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM.

The Through Car Line

—TO—

All Points North, South, East and West.

The Only Line Operating

• DINING • CARS •

≡ AND ≡

Through PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPERS

TO

Chicago and St. Louis Without Change.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 201 MAIN ST.

D. E. BURLEY,

Gen'l Agent Passenger Dep't.

S. H. H. CLARK, E. DICKINSON, E. L. LOMAX,

Prest. & Gen. Mgr. Asst. Gen. Mgr. G. P. & T. A.

WE PROPOSE TO ISSUE AT AN EARLY DAY

THE LIFE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

—AND—

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CHURCH

In two separate volumes, —————

bound in cloth and paper.

ALSO A HANDBOOK AND GUIDE TO SALT LAKE CITY AND ENVIRONS



CALLED THE CITY OF THE SAINTS

SEND ORDERS TO

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS COMPANY,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

or
at
the
office

A. H. CANNON,

Opera House Block, OGDEN, UTAH.

DR. J. E. TALMACE'S WORKS

Which have been adopted for public school use, and are excellent for home reading and instruction, can now be had in any quantity.

First Book of Nature

50 CENTS POSTPAID.

Domestic Science

80 CENTS POSTPAID.

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.,

P. O. Box 450, SALT LAKE CITY,

A. H. CANNON, Opera House Block,
OGDEN, UTAH.

Rio Grande Western Rwy.

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

The Popular and Direct Line from West to East, without change of Cars to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Etc.

THROUGH CARS BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND DENVER.

This is the only line from whose car windows all the magnificent scenery of the Rocky Mountains may be viewed.

TWO THROUGH TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY.

Connecting in Union Depots at Denver and Pueblo for all points East, and at Ogden for all California points and the great North-west. Elegant equipment, Pullman buffet sleepers, first class eating houses, FAST TIME. Family sleeping cars for the use of passengers holding second class tickets.

D. C. DODGE,

J. H. BENNETT,

Gen'l Manager, Denver. Gen'l Pass'r Ag't, Salt Lake City.
24-27

SIMPLE BIBLE STORIES.

NUMBER ONE.

The issuance of this excellent book occurred about a year ago and has supplied a long felt want in the Sunday School, Primary Associations and Home Circle. It contains stories of prominent Biblical personages from Adam to Joshua.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

NUMBER TWO.

The popularity of the first book of these series induces us to issue a second number. This work contains stories of prominent Biblical personages from Samuel to Queen Esther.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

NUMBER THREE.

Contains the narrative of the Savior's life in eleven simple stories.

PRICE, POSTPAID, - - 30 CENTS.

GEO. Q. CANNON & SONS CO.,

Publishers of JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Entirely New.
Abreast of the Times.
A Grand Educator.



Successor of the
"Unabridged."

Ten years spent in revising, 100 editors employed, and more than \$300,000 expended.

Everybody should own this Dictionary. It answers all questions concerning the history, spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words.

A Library in Itself. It also gives the often desired information concerning eminent persons; facts concerning the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; particulars concerning noted fictitious persons and places; translation of foreign quotations, words, and proverbs; etc., etc., etc.

This Work is Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, scholar, professional man, and self-educator.

Sold by All Booksellers.

G. & C. Merriam Co.
Publishers,
Springfield, Mass.

Do not buy cheap photographic reprints of ancient editions.

Send for free prospectus.



THE STENOGRAPH

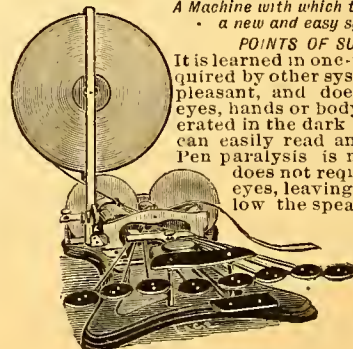
A Machine with which to write
a new and easy system of Shorthand.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY.

It is learned in one-third the time required by other systems. Its use is pleasant, and does not strain the eyes, hands or body. It can be operated in the dark. One operator can easily read another's work. Pen paralysis is not possible. It does not require the use of the eyes, leaving them free to follow the speaker's motions.

No knowledge whatever of pencil shorthand required.

Size, 7½x7½ in.
Weight, with case, 3½ lbs.



"NE PLUS ULTRA."

S. J. GRIFFIN,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS NEW AND SECOND-HAND TYPE-WRITERS.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION

GEN'L AGENT,

TYPE-WRITER SUPPLIES AND REPAIRS
Seals, Stencils and Rubber
Stamps to order.

DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE

And 63rd Annual Conference.

The Union Pacific will sell excursion tickets from all points in Utah, and principal points in Idaho and Wyoming to Salt Lake and return. Selling dates, from Ogden, Payson, and intermediate points, including Utah & Nevada and S. L. & W. branches, April 3rd to 9th inclusive, good for return until April 15; and from all other points, April 2nd to 9th inclusive, good for return until April 20th.

Trains between Ogden and Salt Lake will run as follows from April 4th to 9th inclusive:

STATIONS	Special					Fare Round Trip
	am	am	am	am	pm	
Ogden	Ly 8:25	8:05	9:45	1:30	4:00	\$1.70
Hooper	" 8:41	9:55	11:42	6:13	1:20	
Syracuse Jct	" 8:47	10:01	11:50	6:20	1:10	
Layton	" 8:55	8:30	10:09	11:59	6:29	.90
				pm		
Kaysville	" 8:59	8:33	10:12	12:03	6:33	.90
Farmington	" 9:07	10:20	12:12	6:42	1:0	
Lake Shore	" 9:11	10:23	12:16	6:45	.50	
Centerville	" 9:16	10:27	12:21	6:50	.35	
Woods Cross	" 9:20	10:31	12:25	6:54	.25	
Simkins	" 9:23	10:35	12:28	6:57	.25	
Salt Lake City	Ar 9:31	9:05	10:50	12:40	7:10	

Returning trains will leave Salt Lake as follows:

For Ogden and points East at..... 8:00 am
 " " intermediate points, points north and Cache Valley..... 10:05 am
 For Ogden, intermediate points Cache Valley and Park City..... } 3:30 pm
 and 4:30 pm
 For Ogden, intermediate points and points East..... 6:30 pm
 For Ogden and all intermediate points 11:15 pm

Trains from points South will run as follows April 4th to 9th:

STATIONS	SPECIAL	REGULAR	Fare
LEAVE		AM	
Frisco.....		4:30	\$9.00
Millford.....		6:05	8.00
Oasis.....		10:05	5.50
Leamington.....		11:40	4.50
	AM	PM	
Junab.....	5:40	1:45	3.50
Nephi.....	6:15	2:20	3.00
Mona.....	6:35	2:40	2.50
Santaquin.....	7:08	3:12	2.31
Payson.....	7:20	3:25	2.35
Benjamin.....	7:32	3:40	2.55
Spanish Fork.....	7:39	3:48	2.21
Springville.....	7:45	3:57	2.10
	AM	AM	
Provo.....	7:20	8:10	1.90
Lake View.....	7:33	8:22	1.70
Pleasant Grove.....	7:45	8:34	1.50
American Fork.....	7:52	8:40	1.35
Lehi.....	7:59	8:46	1.25
Silver City.....		2:15	\$3.25
Eureka.....		2:00	3.25
Doremus.....		3:23	3.00
Ruah Valley.....		3:42	2.60
Fairfield.....		4:08	2.25
Cedar Fort.....		1:18	1.95
Lehi Junction.....	8:03	8:50	4.50
Draper.....	8:30	9:20	6.21
Sandy.....	8:12	9:31	5.31
Junction.....	8:45	9:44	5.39
Lovendick's.....	8:48	9:37	5.43
Germania.....	8:54	9:49	5.46
Franklin.....	8:53	9:41	5.17
	ARRIVE	AM	
Salt Lake City	9:10	9:30	10.00

Returning trains leave Salt Lake for Eureka, Millford and all points South at 7:40 a. m., for Juab and intermediate points at 4:30 p. m., and for Provo and intermediate points at 5:00 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

Trains on Utah & Nevada Branch will run as follows:

LEAVE	A. M.	P. M.	FARE
Terminus.....	8:00	1:5	\$1.50
Tooele.....	8:18	2:00	1.20
Erda.....	8:27	2:13	1.10
Halfway House	8:36	2:25	.95
Lake Point.....	8:46	2:40	.80
Garfield.....	8:55	2:50	.75
Chambers.....	9:10	3:13	.50
Jordan.....	9:15	3:21	.35
	ARRIVE		
Salt Lake.....	9:35	4:00	

Returning trains will leave Salt Lake at 7:45 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

NOTE.—Train leaving Terminus at 1:35 p. m. and Salt Lake at 7:45 a. m. will not run Sunday, April 9.

D. E. BURLEY,
Gen. Asst. Pass. Dept., Salt Lake City.

The Union Pacific Depot at Salt Lake City is only three blocks from the Temple and Tabernacle—three blocks nearer than competitor's depot. Street cars connect with all incoming and outgoing trains.

Call on your nearest agent for one of our Temple Souvenirs.

Home Fire Insurance Co.

O.F.U.T.A.H

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$250,000.00
 ASSETS, 335,674.91

OFFICERS:

HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT,
 GEORGE ROMNEY, VICE-PRESIDENT,
 LEWIS S. HILLS, TREASURER,
 R. S. WELLS, SECRETARY.

DIRECTORS:

HENRY DINWOODEY, JOHN HENRY SMITH,
 GEORGE ROMNEY, ELIAS A. SMITH,
 THOS. G. WEBBER, DAVID ECCLES,
 P. T. FARNSWORTH, JOSEPH F. SMITH,
 WILLIAM H. ROWE, JOHN C. CUTLER,
 JOHN R. BARNES, HEBER J. GRANT,
 CHAS. S. BURTON.

HEBER J. GRANT & CO., - Agents,
 60 MAIN STREET.

Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD.

TWO FAST TRAINS DAILY

Through Pullman and Tourist Sleepers to Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs. Close connections made there for ALL POINTS EAST with the Fast Flyers of the Burlington, Rock Island, and Missouri Pacific.

The Equipment is Elegant, New and Comfortable, surpassing that of all others. Call on or address

A. S. HUGHES, W. J. SHOTWELL, S. K. HOOPER,
 Traffic Manager, Gen. Agt., 50 W. 2d South, O.P. & T. A.,
 Denver, Colo. Salt Lake City. Denver, Colo.

THE HENRY DINWOODEY FURNITURE COMPANY, SALT LAKE CITY. BABY CARRIAGES, REFRIGERATORS, FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER.

4-28

Wilford Woodruff, Pres't, George M. Cannon, Cashier.

Zion's Savings Bank AND TRUST COMPANY,

No. 1, 3 & 5 East Temple St., Salt Lake City,
Takes deposits in any sum; pays 5 per cent. interest; compounds quarterly.

Oldest Savings Bank in Utah, with deposits greater than all others combined.
15 28

WM. DRIVER & SON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

We Guarantee the trade perfect satisfaction.
Your Orders Solicited.

WM. DRIVER & SON, OGDEN, UTAH.
24-26

BUTTERMILK

Toilet Soap



Makes the face and hands as soft as velvet; whitens the skin, has no equal for the

COMPLEXION.

Excels any 25 cent soap.
Beware of Imitations.

Over 2,000,000 cakes sold first year.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

SEND 12c. for SAMPLE CAKE.

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP CO.,

84 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

B. H. SCHETTLE

DOES A

General Banking Business,
PAYS INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

—AND—

DESIRES YOUR ACCOUNTS.

DEEDS AND MORTGAGES DRAWN UP.

60 S. East Temple St. SALT LAKE CITY.

F. Auerbach & Bro.,

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Millinery,
Carpets, Shoes, Etc.

Established 1864. — One Price to All.

— F. AUERBACH & BRO. —

11-28

The State Bank OF UTAH.

CAPITAL, FULLY PAID \$500 000.
SURPLUS FUND, - \$50,000.

Cor. Main and South Temple Streets,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

HEBER J. GRANT, President,
WM. B. PRESTON, Vice-President,
HEBER M. WELLS, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Joseph F. Smith,	Chas. S. Burton,
Wm. H. Rowe,	Nephi W. Clayton,
Abraham H. Cannon	Frank Y. Taylor,
Spencer Clawson	Philo T. Farnsworth,
Elias Morris,	E. M. Weiler,
Henry A. Woolley.	

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Careful Attention to Country Trade.

10-28

26 R. K. THOMAS, 28 R. K. THOMAS, 30 R. K. THOMAS, 32

EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

24-28

COALTER & SNELGROVE CO.,

THE SALT LAKE MUSIC DEALERS,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR
THE FAMOUS

Weber Pianos,

Rich, Pure and Sympathetic Tone, with Quality and Power.

ALSO

ESTEY PIANO, WITH NEW REPEATING ACTION.

ESTEY ORGANS, 250,000 IN USE.

BAND INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC AND BOOKS. 74 MAIN STREET.
Catalogue Free.

16-28

